

fuck your bullshit
laws and
traditions...

RAW/Idea #3

IM FREE!!!

ha ha ha...

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DO NOT TAKE

RAW/Idea #3

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Copies are free for a trade/stamps or what
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any thing subversive or weird. The
address is: Nicholas P. / 435 W. Delavan /
Buffalo NY 14213/U\$A — have fun [if
you don't burn it for fuel]

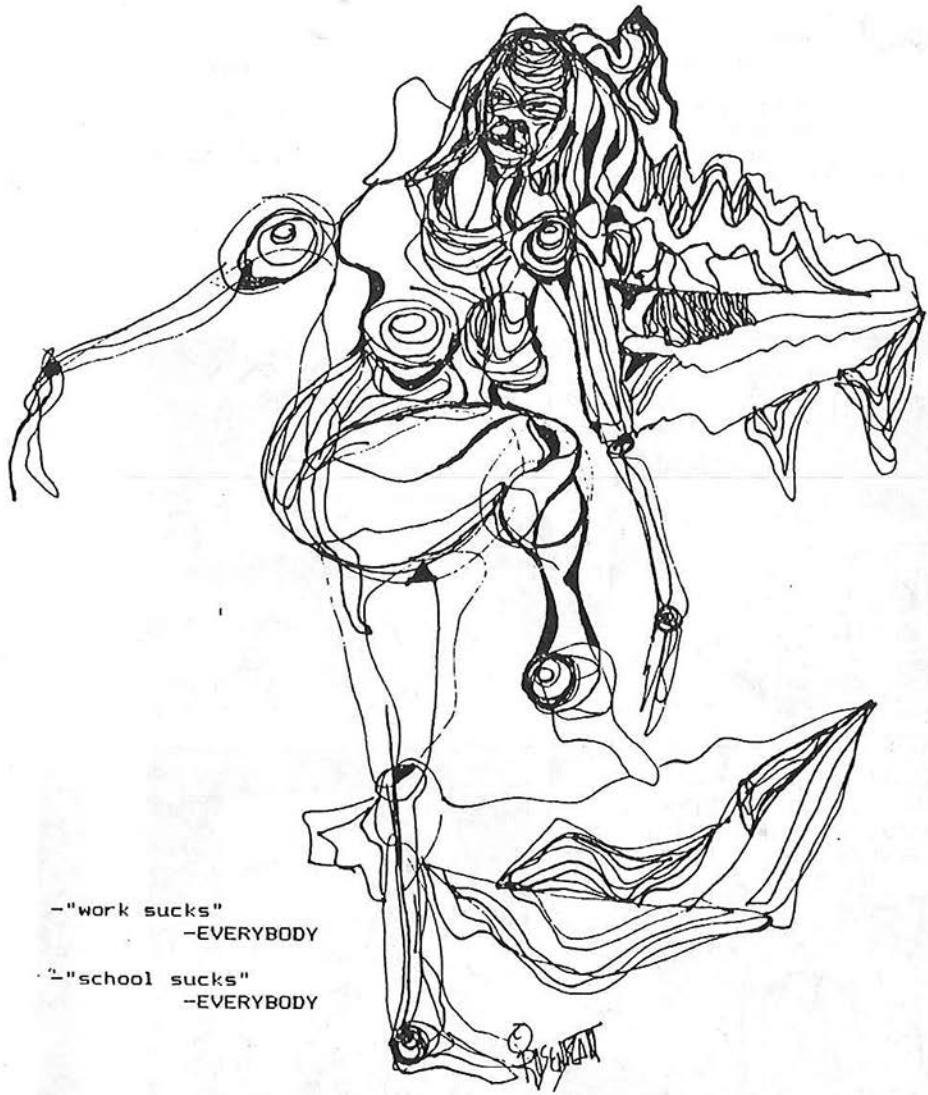
Wanna go and
Liberate our
Desires?



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freedom of the press alive. No
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successfully repressed. We love
you, but — BE ADVISED.

-U.P.S.



-"work sucks"
-EVERYBODY

-"-school sucks"
-EVERYBODY

PISSED OFF

Sick? Pissed off with the present state of affairs? don't like the way the lines are drawn, (on your [notebook] paper) want them changed? Sick, Pissed off that there are only 60 minutes to an hour (wad' ya want? 10, 3, 1/2, 100, 666, 13... CHANGE IT!) 60 seconds to a minute (how boring and cliched... fuk! !ycnatsisnoC - DO IT) 24 hours to a day (when the natural human day, free o' nasty additives like clocks, work and bus schedules is 25 hours) [DO IT] Sick Pissed that they have you so fucked up (in a bad way) that you spent/spending sunday night worrying about home work [etc.] that you (k)no(w) you will never do? And they will keep fucking you up (in a bad way) with their constant barrage of home work, "the real world", jobs, cars, PSA's (public service announcements) and 3 hour golf shows UNTIL you free yourself, following your desires to the (un)limits of your imagination the possibilities are endless

-"too much free time"
-Johnny Carson (the talk show host)

RAW

HIT LIST -THE BEST PLACES TO STEAL FROM

Nuclear Energy Plants (keep safety in mind!)
General Cinemas

Corporate Convienience Stores (Leave Mom and Pop alone,..
or Mom and Mom, or Pop or Pop
The all New Tops International Store
The Federal gov't. Raw says " Cheat, Cheat, Cheat on
those taxes.

The Rockefeller Foundation (Viva Diego Rivera!)
Steal from WORK! (because work steals from you)



d.m. 1970

bigdog

Daughter comes bursting through the door in a obviously bad mood - on cue the annoying little brother/sitcom son, chin up chest out, snappy yet cute retort coming from his sun burned mouth.

-break for commercial some young sexpot is (not)eating orange salsa with her studely boy friend/virgin lover. they kiss but never touch their groin always the minimum 4 inches apart (HAIR = SEX) her brown hair matching the color of the sand, the sun and his eyes.

-Back to sitcom - Daughter has argument with mother stamps off next scene NEW blouse same Daughter alone on the couch sneering an artificial smile as she writes a letter/note/manifesto. annoying yet cute brother intervenes smirk on his face leans on the couch the weight of the couch crushed by his own weight. pass through scenes of the cute and jocky father trading jibes with the mature and experienced overweight English butler who got lost in pittsburgh

cut to scene of Daughter (same blouse/red) New friend with LONG HAIR. talking saying nothing. one of them leaves, doesn't matter which one

little brother discovers sisters Diary opens his coat to reveal another shirt and a slew of lock picking devices on the inside of his overcoat - picks the lock on her diary - reads - father sees him reading his Daughter his sister's diary lecture begins "privacy invasion of her personal property" son leaves dejected but proud and glad that his father made him do the Right thing - son gone - father opens up diary, Discovers Daughters plan to engage in immoral acts and lose her virginity - selfishly lowering her marriage value. Daughter/sister at party engages in immoral acts despite fathers (sit)comical attempts otherwise - Daughter destroys family unit - formerly cute adorable yet annoying brother/son takes to selling crack to 3rd graders later makes an career move and becomes a male prostitute - father kills himself with his lawn mower - mother goes on a 10 year vagabond and finely discovers herself as she joins the animal liberation front - becoming a strict fruitarian - Daughter becomes a corporate lawyer after 3 months in jail for insider trading.

plot unethically stolen a tv sitcom presently in the witness protection program and who wishes to remain anonymous.

ANCY



Boredom.

I a terminally ill patient lies in a well furnished hospital room. tubes pump nutrients in to his body. elevator Musak filters through the loud speakers and into his body. a soap opera provides the only life as the spirit rots and the body fattens.

Boredom.

a prefab imagination is triumphantly given (forced fed) to kindergartners as the teacher congratulates a "student" on completion of a GI Joe/Barbie [depending on the kid's genitals. sexual deviation is not tolerated] coloring book. the sky is BLUE, grass is GREEN. WHITE is GOOD. BLACK is BAD. he/she with the most gold stars wins, [the prize - a twinkie.]

"But I don't want to take a nap!"

"You have to!"

"Why?"

"Because I told you so!"

...and begins the systematic destruction of the human spirit in its most potent form; the young. Jointly begins the quest for [false] rewards. The threat of "the real world" and the suppression, by both by the individual and the community of individuality, distinct personalities, abnormalities and desire.

II

[home]work

"Schools are necessary" says the politician/teacher/principal/cop/etc. - "They give an individual the necessary instruments to interact in society"

But who's society? they prepare the individual to be a consumer which then forces him/her to be come a worker [wage slavery] The student already interacts in society. A society of its own making, of choice [until the parents picks the friends, weeding out the undesirables (to the parent, never the kids)] In this society the student is no longer a student but a friend, never a peer. Reading writing and arithmetic are useless, only imagination counts.

But the enemy infiltrates. Friendship is now based on 'which school you go to', 'the ABC's' or if you "know" how to subtract yet. Later GI Joe/Barbie. Personality can only expressed in material possessions. Buying "Prom Queen Barbie" or "Roller Skatin' Barbie" [Never S/M Barbie or Drag Queen Ken]

[Home] Work comes, preparing for the "real world." MTV makes it (work) "necessary" to "survive." "there are things I want! I need a job. I need money"

III

BUY sex (Old spice)

Drugs ("Miller time")

Rock 'n Roll (New Kids with Guns & Rosés)

Be a rebel - "Express your self" BUY a \$200 leather jacket "just like the one James Dean and Sid Vicious used to wear" (authentic and conveniently dead "rebels").

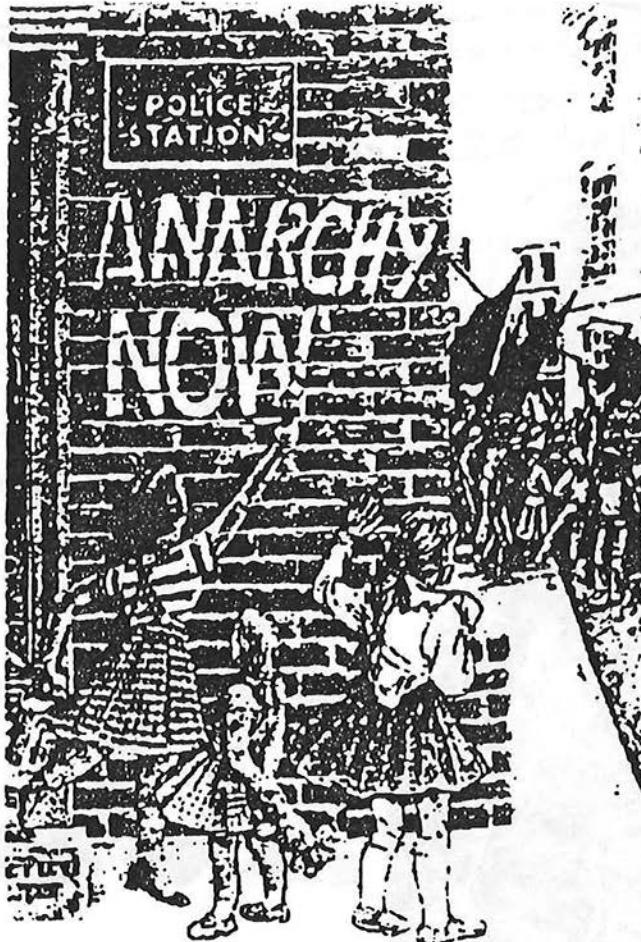
BUY \$40 pre ripped jeans (later buy a pre fab house)

imagination is dead, long live THE (and only) Imagination

IV

from energetic and free children, with hands down their pants to bored youth (pre adult). a MTV hyped top ten Heavy Metal song is played on a \$90 sony walkman. AUTONOMY = AUTO = CAR ?

School, not preparing youth for social interactions or experiences (and therefore education), prepares the "student" for his/her future role as a consumer/worker. This achieving the goal of the perfect society based on the consumer/worker. But in the process all abnormal individuality and expression is crushed and the vacuum is filled with a life of material plenty and boredom.



Youth Liberation

A Child's Bill of Personal Safety Rights

1. The right to trust one's instincts and funny feelings.
2. The right to privacy.
3. The right to say no to unwanted touch or affection.
4. The right to question authority and to say no to adult demands and requests.
5. The right to lie and not answer questions.
6. The right to refuse gifts.
7. The right to be rude or unhelpful.
8. The right to run, scream, and make a scene.
9. The right to bite, hit, or kick.
10. The right to ask for help.



RAW/Idea is anti-copyright (all
Riots reserved.) So reprint and distrib
by tha' billions, esp. STEAL the flyers
that COME with, This thing. Tha
what they're there for.
Dont waste your time
reading and writing
about freedom, but g
out and do it!

RAW reading list (new and imp)
Maus 1 & 11 (a tad expens
Lipstick Traces (a nifty
the sex pistols and the like)
subversives from the middle ag
William Gibson (aka "Cyber
good n' potent)
Semiotext[e] SF (banned c
fiction. Half of it is incred
Steal this book! (by Abbi
and realistic version of "the
incredibly dated but its still
T.A.Z. (aka The Temporary
Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism. It
reccomended and unexplainable.
Autonomedia or I could photoc
be in this issue, "poetic terr
World War 3 illustrated (

strong, its comix for those ig
yet)

*WARNING - Don't let read
from taking actionon your own
reading Hakim Beys rants but g
banks)
Talk - Action = 0

ART SUCKS

{Fuck
Authority!}

I BELIEVED IN
THE REALITY OF MY
DESires... SO I
TOOK MY DESires FOR
REALITY!!
(why don't you?)

they bore



the world

Take your desires for reality! (just what it sounds like) their prepackaged glossed over lies of a life hold nothing for you but a life full of misery.. alienation.. denial and boredom [you can feel it already can't you?]

%\$#@EACT!

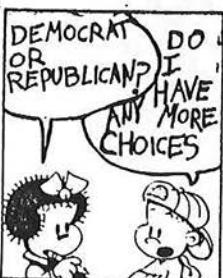
FUCK ART

STEAL YOUR LIFE BACK!

NUTS!... WE CAME FROM MONKEYS. IN FACT, WE STARTED OUT OF THE OCEAN AS A BLOB OF GOO! SO ACTUALLY THE OCEAN IS OUR MOTHER.



ANCY



DENNIS THE MENACE



roved)]
sive, so filch a copy)
book connecting punk rock (mostly
with the Situationists plus other
ges on)
er punk". over rated but still very

or other wise unpublishable science
ble, the other half is pure crap)
e Hoffman, a much more digestable
Anarchist Cookbook". Most of it is
fun to look at)

Autonomous Zone, Ontological
is by Hakim Beyand is highly
You can probably order it from
py it for you (a bit of it should
orism" was in #2)
still out there and still going
norant folks who havn't seen it

ing these fine books prevent you
(i.e. don't stay up all night
o out and spraypaint your own on



Make your mark

THE DRAWINGS
ARE BY JUDY
ROSENBLATT
1158 FIFTH
AVENUE NY, NY
10029

THE POETRY IS
PAUL WEINMAN'S
74 COTTAGE
ALBANY NY
12203

SHE MEMORIZED IT

Chalking green circles on her black skin
I isolated areas where my tongue
might touch. She lay there easily
turned her thighs without hesitation.
Only the sounds of my irregular breath
broke her steady recitation
of the Civil Rights Act &
the roll call from our State Pen.

DABBING AT MOUTH'S CORNERS

I found my love in a mustard jar.
She slurred words of hot loins, money
misused to send troops to Arabia.
Easing her moisture across my bun
we shared lips, statistics comparing
govt. funds and how much happiness
is spent in jail with that used
ordering luncheons set for late noon.
She made my tongue burn, and I touched
her souce of heat, sand no to napkins.

- 9 AM **2** Geraldo: Royal exposé. 53329
- 9 AM **2** Regis & Kathie Lee: Alyssa Milano; sneaky alien monster consultant Christine Kunzelman. 18067
- 10 AM **2** Sally Jessy Raphael: Serial killers. 26690
- 10 AM **2** Maury Povich: The William Kennedy Smith trial. 28058
- 10 AM **2** A.M. Buffalo: Holiday crafts. 68690
- 11 AM **2** One on One With John Tesh: Patrick Duffy; Gladys Knight. 4787
- 11 AM **2** Home: Making Christmas gifts; avoiding holiday weight gain; Italian meal; *Lost in the Stratosphere*; American Gladiator; massage and stress-related pain; checking-account fraud; children's winter coats; women radio personalities; writer James Lipton. 82226
- 11 AM **2** Jenny Jones: Martha Stewart; really tripped out
- 11:30 AM **2** On Misery: Sexual abuse of the elderly. □ 5416
- 4 PM **2** Donahue: Controversial child custody decision. □ 2139
- 4 PM **2** Oprah Winfrey: People afraid to leave the house because of imagined physical flaws. □ 54348



**HERE IS YOUR BRICK BACK.
RECOGNIZE IT? YOU SHOULD.**

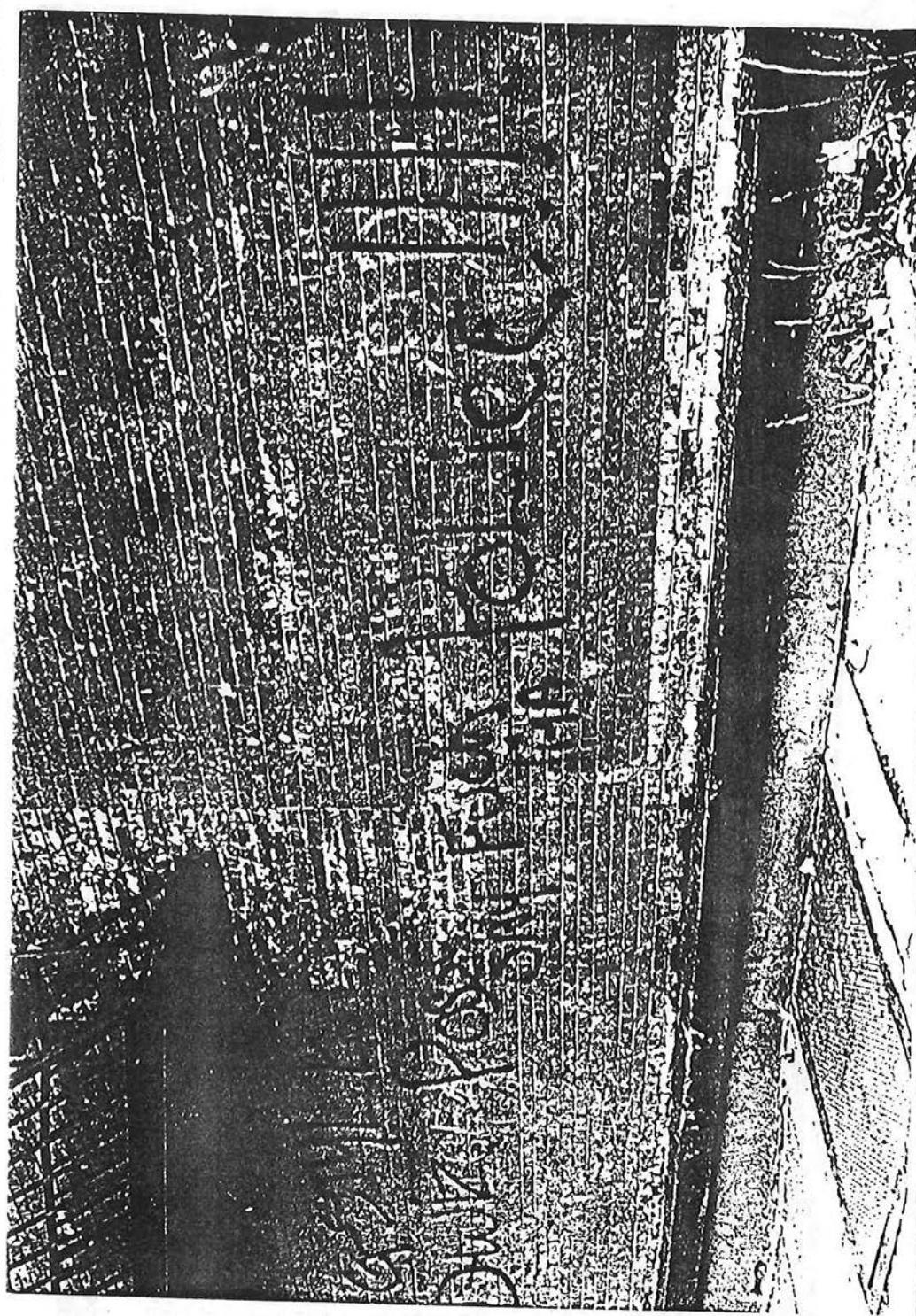
**IT IS PART OF THE WALL THAT YOU,
AS ONE OF THE ELITE UPPER CLASS,
HAVE HELPED BUILD BETWEEN THE
MINORITY RULING CLASS AND THE
MAJORITY WORKING CLASS
THROUGHOUT HISTORY.**

**BY FLAUNTING YOUR DECADENCE, YOU
HAVE MADE YOURSELF A TARGET.**

GET USED TO IT.

SOCIAL YOUTH CHAOS - FUCK SHIT UP!





BY HAKIM BEY

RESOLUTION FOR THE 1990's: BOYCOTT COP CULTURE!!!

IF ONE FICTIONAL FIGURE can be said to have dominated the popcult of the eighties, it was the Cop. Fuckin' police everywhere you turned, worse than real life. What an incredible bore.

Powerful Cops—protecting the meek and humble—at the expense of a half-dozen or so articles of the Bill of Rights—“Dirty Harry.” Nice human cops, coping with human perversity, coming out sweet ‘n’ sour, you know, gruff & knowing but still soft inside—*Hill Street Blues*—most evil TV show ever. Wiseass black cops scoring witty racist remarks against hick white cops, who nevertheless come to love each other—Eddie Murphy, Class Traitor. For that masochist thrill we got wicked bent cops who threaten to topple our Kozy Konsensus Reality from within like Giger-designed tapeworms, but naturally get blown away just in the nick of time by the Last-Honest Cop, Robocop, ideal amalgam of prosthesis and sentimentality.

We've been obsessed with cops since the beginning—but the rozzers of yore played bumbling fools, Keystone Kops, *Car 54 Where Are You*, booby-bobbies set up for Fatty Arbuckle or Buster Keaton to squash & deflate. But in the ideal drama of the eighties, the “little man” who once scattered bluebottles by the hundred with that anarchist's bomb, innocently used to light a cigarette—the Tramp, the victim with the sudden power of the pure heart—no longer has a place at the center of narrative. Once “we” were that hobo, that quasi-surrealist chaotic hero who wins thru *wu-wei* over the ludicrous minions of a despised & irrelevant Order. But now “we” are reduced to the status of victims *without* power, or else criminals. “We” no longer occupy that central role; no longer the heros of our own stories, we've been marginalized & replaced by the Other, the Cop.

Thus the Cop Show has only three characters—victim, criminal, and policeperson—but the first two fail to be fully hu-

man—only the pig is *real*. Oddly enough, human society in the eighties (as seen in the other media) sometimes appeared to consist of the same three cliche/archetypes. First the victims, the whining minorities bitching about “rights”—and who pray tell did *not* belong to a “minority” in the eighties? Shit, even cops complained about their “rights” being abused. Then the criminals: largely non-white (despite the obligatory & hallucinatory “integration” of the media), largely poor (or else obscenely rich, hence even more alien), largely perverse (i.e. the forbidden mirrors of “our” desires). I've heard that one out of four households in America is robbed every year, & that every year nearly half a million of us are arrested just for smoking pot. In the face of such statistics (even assuming they're “damned lies”) one wonders who is NOT either victim or criminal in our police-state-of-consciousness. The fuzz must mediate for *all of us*, however fuzzy the interface—they're only warrior-priests, however profane.

America's Most Wanted—the most successful TV game show of the eighties—opened up for all of us the role of Amateur Cop, hitherto merely a media fantasy of middleclass resentment & revenge. Naturally the truelife Cop hates no one so much as the vigilante—look what happens to poor &/or non-white neighborhood self-protection groups like the Muslims who tried to eliminate crack dealing in Brooklyn: the cops busted the Muslims, the pushers went free. Real vigilantes threaten the monopoly of enforcement, *lèse majesté*, more abominable than incest or murder. But media(ted) vigilantes function perfectly within the CopState; in fact, it would be more accurate to think of them as *unpaid* (not even a set of matched luggage!) *informers*: telemetric snitches, electro-stoolies, ratfinks-for-a-day.

What is it that “America most wants”? Does this phrase refer to criminals—or to crimes, to objects of desire in their real presence, unrepresented, unmediated, literally stolen & appropriated? America most wants... to fuck off work, ditch the spouse, do drugs (because only drugs make you feel as good as the people in TV ads appear to be), have sex with nubile

A.O.A.

jailbait, sodomy, burglary, hell yes. What unmediated pleasures are NOT illegal? Even outdoor barbecues violate smoke ordinances nowadays. The simplest enjoyments turn us against some law; finally pleasure becomes too stress-inducing, and only TV remains—and the pleasure of revenge, vicarious betrayal, the sick thrill of the tattletale. America can't have what it most wants, so it has *America's Most Wanted* instead. A nation of schoolyard toadies sucking up to an elite of schoolyard bullies.

Of course the program still suffers from a few strange reality-glitches: for example, the dramatized segments are enacted cinema vérité style by *actors*; some viewers are so stupid they believe they're seeing actual footage of real crimes. Hence the actors are being continually harassed & even arrested, along with (or instead of) the real criminals whose mugshots are flashed after each little documentoid. How quaint, eh? No one really experiences anything—everyone reduced to the status of ghosts—media-images break off & float away from any contact with actual everyday life—PhoneSex—CyberSex. Final transcendence of the body: cybergnosis.

The media cops, like televangelical forerunners, prepare us for the advent, final coming or Rapture of the police state: the "Wars" on sex and drugs: total control totally leached of all content; a map with no coordinates in any known space; far beyond mere Spectacle; sheer ecstasy ("standing-outside-the-body"); obscene simulacrum; meaningless violent spasms elevated to the last principle of governance. Image of a country consumed by images of self-hatred, war between the schizoid halves of a split personality, Super-Ego vs the Id Kid, for the heavyweight championship of an abandoned landscape, burnt, polluted, empty, desolate, unreal.

Just as the murder-mystery is always an exercise in sadism, so the cop-fiction always involves the contemplation of *control*. The image of the inspector or detective measures the image of "our" lack of autonomous substance, our transparency before the gaze of authority. Our perversity, our helplessness. Whether we imagine them as "good" or "evil," our obsessive

invocation of the eidolons of the Cops reveals the extent to which we have accepted the manichaean worldview they symbolize. Millions of tiny cops swarm everywhere, like the qlipoth, larval hungry ghosts—they fill the screen, as in Keaton's famous two-reeler, overwhelming the foreground, an Antarctic where nothing moves but hordes of sinister blue penguins.

We propose an esoteric hermeneutical exegesis of the Surrealist slogan "*Mort aux vaches!*" We take it to refer not to the deaths of individual cops ("cows" in the argot of the period)—mere leftist revenge fantasy—petty reverse sadism—but rather to the death of the *image* of the *flic*, the inner Control & its myriad reflections in the *NoPlace Place* of the media—the "gray room" as Burroughs calls it. Self-censorship, fear of one's own desires, "conscience" as the interiorized voice of consensus-authority. To assassinate these "security forces" would indeed release floods of libidinal energy, but not the violent running-amok predicted by the theory of Law 'n' Order. Nietzschean "self-overcoming" provides the principle of organization for the free spirit (as also for anarchist society, at least in theory). In the police-state personality, libidinal energy is dammed & diverted toward self-repression; any threat to Control results in spasms of violence. In the free-spirit personality, energy flows unimpeded & therefore turbulently but gently—its chaos finds its strange attractor, allowing new spontaneous orders to emerge.

In this sense, then, we call for a boycott of the image of the Cop, & a moratorium on its production in art. In this sense . . .

MORT AUX VACHES!

This publication has been made possible due to generous grants from Employee Theft International Inc.

Call these evil bastards up and tell them just how you feel about them and their moronic business practices. Or just call and hang up, the possibilities are endless. Get into a conversation with one of the operators about your (or their) sex life (or lack of, which ever it may be, if it is lack of ask the operator for advice on how to improve it). Remember the more and the longer you call the more money they waste, money they wanted to be able to spend on killing people (and like minded activities) but cant (ha ha). It is also recommended that you pursue your career as a phone terrorist on a pay phone (or break into a bank and use theirs, and while your at it add some of those 900 #'s to their bill). All power to the imagination

CITIBANK 1 800 345 2484

CITIBANK (MasterCard/Visa) 1 800 843 0777
-capitalist scum

DuPont 1 800 441 7515
-worlds #1 polluter

PARTNERS FOR A AIDS FREE AMERICA 1 800 448 6666
1 800 HIV NEGT

-homophobic, AIDS & HIV phobic Right wing Aids profiteers. They sell I.D. cards which state that you are HIV negative (a license for unsafe sex). Eric Janssen, the founder, states; "I dont want to be treated like Im positive, I want to be treated like a human being."

FOLGERS (c/o Proctor & Gamble) 1 800 344 7490
-buys Salvadoran coffee which helps to support "death" squads

THE FUR VAULT 1 800 ASK 4 FUR

BLACK GLAMA 1 800 445 MINK
-ranch raised mink

CARLES RIVER BREEDING LABORATORIES 1 800 LAB RATS one warning, these assholes DO trace your calls, so be careful

PARTNERSHIP FOR A DRUG FREE AMERICA/NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON DRUG ABUSE 1 800 662 HELP

-cheerleaders for the fascist "war on drugs" who have little regard for the truth in their endless slew of propaganda. ("This is your brain...")

FREEDOM VILLAGE 1 800 VICTORY

-right wing "Christian" boarding school which says rock music and skate boarding is satanic (so what if it is)

COCACOLA 1 800 GET COKE

COORS BEER 1 800 642 6116
-right wing asswipes

GTE 1 800 225 5483
-evil weapon producers

SHELL OIL 1 800 331 370

EXXON 1 800 628 3334

MOBIL 1 800 333 0124

AMOCO OIL 1 800 621 5889

ARCO OIL 1 800 354 1500



RAW/Idea

#3



In a straw vote, 562 residents said they liked the idea, 263 did not and one wrote in, "I don't care."